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THE CHURCH RECORD.

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Historical.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.]

In 1789, it was adopted in the form in which it now stands, at the head of this article.

ARTICLE VIII.

A Book of Common Prayer, Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, Articles of Religion, and a Form and Manner of Making, Ordaining and Consecrating Bishops, Priests and Deacons, when established by this or a future General Convention, shall be used in the Protestant Episcopal Church in those States which shall have adopted this Constitution. No alteration or addition shall be made in the Book of Common Prayer, or other offices of the Church, or the Articles of Religion, unless the same shall be proposed in one General Convention, and by a resolve thereof made known to the Convention of every Diocese or State, and adopted at the subsequent General Convention.

The following was among the "fundamental propositions" of 1784.

1784. "That the said Church shall maintain the doctrines of the Gospel, as now held by the Church of England; and shall adhere to the liturgy of the said Church, as far as shall be consistent with the American revolution, and the constitutions of the respective States."

In 1785 the fourth article proposed was in these words.

1785. "The Book of Common Prayer and administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church according to the use of the Church of England, shall be used by the Church, as the same is altered by this Convention, in a certain instrument of writing passed by their authority, entitled 'Alterations of the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in order to render the same conformable to the

American revolution, and the constitutions of the respective States.'"

The ninth was as follows:

1785. "And whereas it is represented to this Convention to be the desire of the Protestant Episcopal Church in these States, that there may be further alterations of the Liturgy than such as are made necessary by the American revolution: therefore 'the Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Church of England as altered by an instrument of writing, passed under the authority of this Convention, entitled 'Alterations in the Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the Church of England, proposed and recommended to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America,' shall be used in this Church when the same shall have been ratified by the Conventions which have respectively sent deputies to this General Convention."

In 1786, the article was again proposed in the words used in 1785.

In 1789, the following was adopted.

1789. "A Book of Common Prayer, Administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the church, articles of religion, and a form and manner of making, ordaining and consecrating bishops, priests and deacons, when established by this or a future General Convention, shall be used in the Protestant Episcopal Church in those States, which shall have adopted this constitution."

In 1811, the second clause in the article was added, and it then assumed the form in which we have given it above, as part of the constitution.

ARTICLE IX.

This Constitution shall be unalterable, unless in General Convention, by the Church, in a majority of the States which may have adopted the same; and all alterations shall be first proposed in one General Convention, and made known to the several State Conventions before they shall be finally agreed to, or ratified in the ensuing General Convention

In 1785, the last article proposed was this.

1785. "This General Ecclesiastical Constitution, when ratified by the Church in the different States, shall be considered as fundamental; and shall be unalterable by the Convention of the Church in any State."

In 1786, it was thus framed:

1786. "The Constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, when ratified by the church in a majority of the States assembled in General Convention, with sufficient power for the purpose of such ratification, shall be unalterable by the Convention of any particular State, which hath been represented at the time of such ratification."

In 1789, it was finally adopted as it now stands.

Under this clause, important, because it touches the great bond of union, various questions arise, involving more or less, the respective rights and powers of the General and State Conventions. Here is an instrument, made by delegates from the several State Conventions, fully authorised by their respective constituents, in their names, to make it, called upon distinctly to declare that they have such power before they act,* and therefore, in all they did, to all intents and purposes, representatives of "the Conventions of this Church in the several States." The constitution was therefore made by the State Conventions, duly assembled for that purpose.

In this constitution, the State Conventions surrender some things and retain others. By mutual compact, each State Convention surrenders all power of altering this instrument, save in a particular place and a prescribed mode; but no State Convention surrendered the right of having a proposed alteration "made known" to it, and of having it made known too, a sufficient time to allow of calm deliberation.

As to the body in which any proposed change must be made, or "finally agreed to," or "ratified," it must be "in the General Convention." There too, all changes must be first proposed. Whatever other reasons may exist for this, an all-sufficient one will be found in the fact that in no other body but the General Convention do representatives from all the State Conventions constitutionally come together.

The answer therefore is plain to the question, where is the change to be made? The article says at its close, it may be "finally agreed to, or ratified" in, not by the General Convention. But what is to be agreed to, what to be ratified? Men agree to something that has been done, by others; they ratify commonly some act which others, not themselves, have performed. *Ex vi termini* therefore it would seem that action somewhere else than in the General Convention is presupposed. Where is this previous action? The

article directs that "all alterations shall be first proposed in one General Convention and made known to the several *State Conventions* before they shall be finally agreed to." Does it direct them to be made known any where else? No where. The previous action then, if any where, must be in "the several State Conventions." Have they any special interest in the subject? They made the instrument originally, of which by some alteration it is now proposed to make a new or additional part. Their interest then is obvious.

By whom, in the General Convention, is a change to be made? The article answers—"by the church, in a majority of the States." What does it mean by "the Church?" Is it simply the members of the General Convention? Neither individually, nor as representatives, nor in any other way, are they *the Church*. Beside, if this only were meant, it would have been said the constitution shall be unalterable, except by a majority of the General Convention; and nothing would have been directed as to making it known to the State Conventions: perhaps, however, it may be replied, a mere numerical majority was not meant, but a majority of States: admit it; it then proves that all votes in General Convention, on proposed changes in the constitution, must be *by states*; and this we believe; though the practice has sometimes been otherwise: but it also proves, we think, that states, *quasi states or dioceses*, are alone competent to alter the instrument at all. This helps us to interpret the words in the article "by the church in a majority of the states." It means a majority of the several dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States. And on any other interpretation, the latter clause of the article is a dead letter, nay, worse than useless, positively mischievous, for it affects to respect, while it in truth mocks at diocesan independence.

We are the more confirmed in this interpretation of the words "the church in a majority of the states," from the use made of them in another clause of the constitution, where they unquestionably mean a majority of the dioceses. Thus in the first article establishing the General Convention, it is provided that the "Church in a majority of the states which shall have adopted this constitution, shall be represented before they proceed to business: except that the representation from two states shall be sufficient to adjourn." Upon the meeting of the General Convention, the question whether a quorum be present, is not settled by counting the members *individually*, but by an inquiry into the *number of dioceses* from which delegates are present.

But does the article indeed hold the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the sense? Let us see. Proposed alterations are to be made known to the several State Conventions, three years before they can be *finally* agreed to, or ratified in General Convention. Now one of the most natural, and at the same time perplexing questions is, *why* is this so, if, after all, the subject of change belongs entirely to the General Convention? The proposed alteration must be made known for one of two things; either for the mere purpose of giving information; or for the further purpose of inviting to some action, founded on such information. As to the first, mere information, the printed journals of the General Convention fully give that, and when this constitution was adopted such was the fact. But we are not without positive evidence of the purpose for which this communication is directed to be made, to the State

Conventions. In Canon L, the purpose is declared to be, not information simply, it is more: for that canon declares that it shall be the duty of the secretary of the lower house, "when ever any alteration of the constitution is proposed, or any other subject submitted to the consideration of the several diocesan conventions, to give a particular notice thereof to the ecclesiastical authority of this church in every diocese."

It does therefore, seem to us at least, very plain that the information is given to the dioceses because a majority of the dioceses are expected to consider and to furnish that action which in General Convention is to "be finally agreed to or ratified." Construe the whole article together, and the words, "the church in a majority of the states," which occur in the first part, are fully explained by the words, "the several State Conventions," in the latter part. The matter which has been proposed to these several conventions must indeed come back to the general convention, and there must be finally disposed of: but it is to the general convention sitting not so much in its ordinary legislative capacity, as in the character of a council composed of many independent dioceses, represented in the lower house, and met together to deliberate, not upon an occasional canon, but upon the great compact by which all alike, the strong and the weak dioceses, consented to make canons at all. Canons are the result of union *after it is formed*; the constitution is the bond that makes the *union itself*. But it may be said, the Bishops are part of the General Convention, and they do not sit as representatives of dioceses. True, but as part of the general convention, they cannot alter the constitution, unless "the church in a majority of the states" in the lower house, consent thereto.

In all votes, therefore, in the lower house of the General Convention, on a proposed change of the constitution, we think that under the proper interpretation of this article, the question must be taken by dioceses or states: and we confess we see in this no more risk of dissolving the ecclesiastical union, than there is in any other vote by states, for which the delegation from any diocese may call on any question.

Delegates from dioceses may, or may not be instructed by their respective conventions how to vote. That is a totally distinct subject. We think that dioceses as such, have a perfect right to do as they please, with reference to the expression of an opinion on a proposed change that has been made known to them. If they see fit to instruct their delegates, they may do so, (though we do not think it judicious:) if to communicate their opinion of the proposed alteration, by directing a resolution approbatory or condemnatory, to be transmitted to the general convention, by their secretary, they may do so; if by entire silence, to leave their acquiescence to be presumed, as in such case it should be, they may do so; but as dioceses, it is the right of each, if it pleases, to make known in some mode, to the general convention what the state convention thinks of any proposed alteration either of the Constitution or Book of Common Prayer: and if a majority of such state conventions should make known that they disapprove, we do not think that it was designed under this article to permit the general convention to make the alteration.

We have said we do not think it was designed. The reason is, that, if it was designed, it presents an anomaly without precedent or parallel in this country of constitutions. Here is a high legislative council, deriving the very breath of its exist-

tence from this constitution; for without it, it had never been at all: this constitution is, *quoad* all the purposes to which it speaks, the supreme sovereign authority in the government of the church: no legislation is worth any thing if it be contrary to the great principles embodied in that instrument: it is the check, and the only check, provided against such legislation, as would prove oppressive or injurious to the reserved rights of the dioceses, to their qualified independence.

Now it is scarcely credible, that this creature of the State Conventions, (for it unquestionably was made by them) should by design, be deliberately invested with the power, totally to disregard, if it please the will of its creators, and by changes made in the constitution from time to time, actually to alter the character of the whole instrument, and thus destroy the only check the dioceses as such, have upon oppressive legislation. It is no answer to this, to say that one convention must propose and another act, and that they are not likely to be the same individuals; and therefore, that if improper changes be proposed, such delegates will be elected as the state conventions suppose will oppose it. The question is not what is *likely*, but what is *possible*. The constitution is designed to guard against possible injuries. There is not in our country, a civil constitution thus alterable by the legislative bodies it has created. A great and important distinction exists between ordinary legislation, and a change of the charter by virtue of which legislation takes place at all, and by means of which alone, such legislation is so directed as to prevent it from becoming regardless of rights that never have been given up by the dioceses. *The constitution is the sovereign authority* in our system; the people have voluntarily removed sovereignty from their own hands, to place it there for the common protection and the common good: the legislature is but a coordinate branch of the system; and it surely could not have been designed to put it in the power of the latter, to destroy the former.

It may however, be supposed that the proper construction of this clause would admit of easy determination by resorting to precedents. The fact is that they do not throw much light on the subject. The point is one which has never been raised and thoroughly discussed in the general convention; and in fact, in the absence of thorough research, this, like some other questions of importance, has been settled rather by accident than upon solemn consideration. The practice has not always been uniform under this clause.

In 1804, an alteration was made, by a vote taken in the usual mode of legislation, and not by states. No question appears to have been made as to the mode. The change concerned merely the time of holding the general convention.

In 1808, a change was made of importance, giving an absolute negative to the House of Bishops. A vote by states does not appear to have been called for; but the vote was by states, as if it were a matter of course, on a proposed alteration of the constitution; and this we think, was right. On this vote Pennsylvania was divided, the clergy voting for, the laity against the change. In a note to the journal, it is said the laity were for the measure, but voted against it, because they had not instructions from the convention of Pennsylvania, which they considered necessary. Bishop White however, in his Memoirs, says this is an error. The gentlemen declined voting for the measure, though they approved of it, because, from the Pennsylvania journal, it did not appear that the

measure had ever been submitted to the convention of that diocese.

In 1811, a change proposed, or rather an addition of entirely new matter to the 8th article, was before the house, when it simply *resolved*, that the addition be agreed to. The vote was taken in the common mode.

Again in 1823, a change was made in the first article, and the vote was taken by states. Such a vote does not appear however, to have been formally demanded.

In 1829, the eighth article was altered, and it seems to have been done by a simple resolution as in the instance in 1811.

In 1826, Bishop Hobart proposed certain changes in the liturgy. These were sent to the several state conventions. In 1829, before they were called up in the lower house, a resolution was received from the House of Bishops, that under existing circumstances, it was inexpedient to make the change, and the house concurred, so that no vote was taken. Bishop White however, in his *Memoirs*, commenting on this transaction, uses this language: "The alterations of this book proposed by the last general convention, were not acted on by the present, *having been found unacceptable to the major number of the diocesan conventions.*" If any one will examine the journals of those diocesan conventions, he will find a formal vote of dissent, in every instance, in the name of the diocesan convention, from Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Virginia, N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Ohio and Mississippi: and in some instances, this dissent was directed to be communicated to the general convention. The state conventions of these dioceses, seem therefore to have thought, that, as *state conventions*, they had a right to be heard upon the subject in general convention. If however, the wishes of the dioceses as such, were not important and conclusive, but the vote was to be taken as upon any common question, it is no sufficient reason for not bringing it before the house, that it was "unacceptable to the major part of the *diocesan conventions*:" for it does not thence follow that it would of course be unacceptable to the major part of the house. If, in reply it should be said, that there was a reasonable presumption it would be so: this amounts to no more than saying that the House of Bishops, were afraid of not carrying a change proposed by themselves, and therefore, abandoned it: and this has nothing to do that we can discover, with the question of the rights of the dioceses to be heard.

Suppose in the instance just stated, the delegates from each of the states above-named, had formally laid before the house copies of the resolutions from their respective diocesan conventions; and that then a vote had been taken, from which it appeared that in utter disregard of the resolutions, the proposed change had received the sanction of a majority of the votes in the house: we ask what was it but mockery, to make it known to "the several state conventions" at all. They have declared their wishes, only to have them disregarded. Would the dioceses thus insulted, ever acquiesce in the change thus made? If they did, we fear the true rights and powers of a diocese and of its diocesan would soon vanish. Startling as is the case just put, it has been said, that in opposition to the known and expressed wishes of every diocese in the union, the general convention may make the change. We deny it in toto. Nay we go further, and say that no change whatever can be

made by the general convention, as such. We affirm that there is not one syllable in the article which allows the general convention any such power; but that on the contrary, it sedulously guards against it. It directs the change to be made *by the church* in a majority of the states; and by no other power. The place for originating and consummating the act is indeed in the general convention, and in that body, not *by* it, can the act be finally agreed to or ratified.

Let it be remembered that from 1784, to 1789, was occupied in making this instrument, this invaluable bond of union; that it was sent down to the state conventions, and again and again discussed and altered, before it was finally adopted, by delegates vested with express powers for that purpose: let it be remembered too, that to alter or to add to it, is in effect to make; and then let the question be answered, whether it is probable that an instrument, intended to make us one, and prepared with so much anxious care, was designedly left to the mercy of mere common legislation; and, with no prerequisite but that of simply saying to the state conventions we propose a change, was intended to be alterable by a simple *resolution* of the general convention, acted on with no more formality than if it were a motion to adjourn to dinner? We confess that in our eyes the instrument is too solemn to be thus treated. We value our ecclesiastical union too highly to subscribe to the doctrine that it has no stronger bond than the resolves of a general convention. It is the sacredness of the instrument, its supremacy, its dignity, its authority as the representative of delegated sovereignty; its calm and passionless assertion of certain fixed principles; its almost intangible character, that fits it to be a true bond of union. If the general convention without regard to the wishes of the dioceses, expressed in their conventions, may alter at its pleasure, the very instrument by which it lives, then it may make a new constitution; and under this fearful consolidation of ecclesiastical power, dioceses which once had rights, and which came into the union because those rights were preserved to them under the constitution as it stood, may find themselves so shorn and stripped of every vestige of former privileges, that even diocesan episcopacy may become but little more than an empty name. The bishops in their house cannot save it, for they must at last yield to the oft-repeated assaults of their clergy and laity, in a land where their best support is derived from popular opinion. If ever the union of our dioceses is dissolved, it will probably be accomplished by measures, the incipient steps of which will be changes in the constitution. Let us then furnish no fatal facilities in such changes. It is our common interest to make alterations difficult of accomplishment; and to this end, let the voice of the *dioceses*, not of the general convention be necessary.

We have heard it said in objection, that there is more likelihood of wisdom and prudence in the general conventions than in those of the dioceses. We do not believe it. In every diocese there are those who remain at home, with heads as sound, and hearts as true, as any to be found in general conventions. We think that in a three years' consideration of any change in diocesan conventions, there is far more probability of calm and dispassionate examination than in any other mode: far more than there is in the general convention. But we are wandering into the question of expediency to meet an objection; we come back to the instrument itself, and under this article

we think, with all due deference to the wise and good who differ from us,

1. That in all questions of constitutional or liturgical changes, the vote in the house of clerical and lay deputies *must* be taken by dioceses.
2. That any State Convention has a right to make known its opinion of the proposed change in the General Convention.
3. That the assent of a diocese to a proposed change is to be presumed in General Convention, if it is silent, or has adopted no mode of making known its dissent.
4. If a majority of the diocesan Conventions do make known their dissent to any change, the General Convention ought not, against such expression of dissent, to alter the Constitution.

Practical Christianity.

EXCERPTA.

Our selections for to-day's paper are furnished by Bishop Hall. He was born in 1574, and educated at Cambridge. After remaining a fellow of Emanuel for six or seven years, he was presented to a living in Suffolk. He travelled much on the continent during his life, and from the observations made in his journeyings, formed a most unfavorable opinion of the Church of Rome. In 1618 he was sent with other English divines to the Synod of Dort, but indisposition obliged him very soon to return; he however, before his departure, preached a latin sermon before that assembly, and received a very complimentary expression of the satisfaction of the Synod. He was by some considered friendly to the views of the Puritans, but as it has always appeared to us without cause. In the beginning of the troubles through which he passed, he wrote with great clearness and force, an admirable defence of episcopacy. He was probably charged with Puritanism by personal enemies, and, at any rate, three several times had to answer to the king himself upon such an accusation. At last he (as he states) "plainly informed the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, that rather than be obnoxious to those slanderous tongues of his misinformers, he would throw up his rochet." "I know," (says he,) "I went right ways, and would not endure to live under undeserved suspicions."

In 1624, he refused the bishopric of Gloucester, and in 1627, accepted that of Exeter. In 1641, he was translated to the see of Norwich, and soon after, having joined with the other bishops in a protest against the validity of all laws made during their forced absence from parliament, he was committed to the tower. In 1642 he was released, and all the revenues of his see being sequestered, he retired to a little estate which he rented near Norwich, and there, in 1656, he died in the 82d year of his age.

He is universally allowed to have been a man of superior mind and of great learning, and of as great meekness, modesty and piety. He was passionately fond of study, insomuch that he earnestly desired health sufficient to pursue it even to excess. Bayle remarks of him, that his writings "are filled with fine thoughts, excellent morality and a great deal of piety." They show great zeal against the errors of the Church of Rome, and, in our view, quite as much against the separatists from the Church of England; of which latter he was, we think, a consistent and honest member.

SCRIPTURE AND THE CHURCH.

The Scripture is the sun, the Church is the clock, whose hand points us to, and whose sound

tells us, the hours of the day. The sun we know to be sure, and regularly constant in his motion: the clock, as it may fall out, may go too fast or too slow. We are wont to look at and listen to the clock, to know the time of the day: but where we find the variation sensible, to believe the sun against the clock, and not the clock against the sun. As then we would condemn him of much folly, that should profess to trust the clock rather than the sun; so we cannot but justly tax the mistaken credulity of those who will rather trust to the Church than the Scripture.—*Bishop Hall's Select Thoughts.*

AFFLICTION.

How profitable and beneficial a thing is affliction; especially to some dispositions more than others. I see some trees that will not thrive, unless their roots be laid bare; unless, besides pruning, their bodies be gashed and sliced. Others that are too luxuriant, except divers of their blossoms be seasonably pulled off, yield nothing. I see too rank corn, if it be not timely eaten down, may yield something to the barn, but nothing to the granary. I see some full bodies, that can enjoy no health without strong evacuations. Such is the condition of our spiritual part. It is a rare soul that can be kept in any constant order, without these smarting remedies: I confess mine cannot. How wild had I run, if the rod had not been over me! Every man can say he thanks God for ease: for me, I bless God for my troubles.—*Ibid.*

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.

We perceive from the "Christian Witness" of the 18th inst. that Bishop Griswold has been obliged from the state of his health, to postpone his appointments for the present.

Dec. 6.—Ambrose Prentiss Merrill, formerly a licentiate of the Methodist connexion, was admitted by Bishop Griswold to the orders of deacon and priest in Christ Church, Andover.

CONNECTICUT.

The "Chronicle of the Church" edited by the Rev. Mr. Chapin, will henceforth appear in folio form having the name of "The Practical Christian and Church Chronicle." A larger portion of the paper than heretofore will be devoted to practical Christianity. This periodical has been conducted with great moderation, discretion and fairness by Mr. Chapin, without any departure from principle; and in point of ability, we think its editor inferior to none. What proceeds from his pen is usually remarkable for treating the true point to be discussed, and presenting his views upon it in few words. To say this is but simple justice on our part, and we heartily wish the paper success under its present editor.

NEW-YORK.

It is our melancholy duty to announce to our readers the death of our worthy brother, the Rev. Louis P. Bayard, D. D., Rector of St. Clement's Church, New-York. He died, as we have heard, upon his travels in the East, but we yet know not the particulars. He was an honest-hearted, true Christian man and Minister, and we at least feel that we have lost a friend.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Rev. Thomas H. Quinan has been received into the diocese on letters dimissory from the Bishop of Maryland.

ILLINOIS.

The following extract from a late "Peoria

Register," illustrates so admirably the character and promptitude of Bishop Chase that we prefer to present it entire. Briefly to chronicle, according to our usual wont, the consecration of Jubilee Chapel, might indeed suffice, but we think our readers will be better pleased with the relation as here given, for events of this kind furnish often the best materials for history.

CONSECRATION OF THE CHAPEL OF JUBILEE COLLEGE.

IN the early part of the autumn of 1836, a Quaker wagon arrived at the log tavern of Mr. Coolidge, very near the centre of this county, from which alighted a gentleman, aged about sixty, with his wife perhaps a dozen years his junior. A trunk or two completed the load. The stranger inquired if he could be accommodated with board for a few days, to which Mr. Coolidge replied that his cabin was small at the best, and that just now he was overrun with new-comers, but that he would do the best he could. The stranger asked if there was no other place in the settlement in which he could get shelter; but receiving for answer that every house was full, he asked if there was any "claim" he could purchase, adding that he liked the appearance of the country, and wished to settle. Mr. C. answered that he had learnt within a day or two that a man who arrived a few days before, and had made a claim about a mile north, was disposed to sell it, but that he knew of no other. The direction being pointed out to him, the stranger found no difficulty in reaching the spot, and there saw a family preparing to cook their supper in front of a wagon which served as their domicile to sleep in at night, while a few newly raised logs with a clapboard roof, furnished a shelter from the sun in the day time in that sultry season. The stranger began:

"I understand you wish to sell this claim?"

Why, yes, I've been thinking of it: and if my brother is agreed, I don't know but I would.

"How much land have you taken up?"

A quarter section.

"Is this the only house on it?"

This is the only one that's covered, but my brother has got some logs rolled up over on that point yonder.

"Do you know the lines of the claim?"

Yes, it runs along this bluff, takes in the bottom you see there, and crosses the creek by that black walnut.

"That's enough. What do you ask for it?"

Well, I'll take three hundred dollars.

"I'll give it. Step over to Mr. Coolidge's, and I'll hand you the money."

The settler followed the stranger accordingly, received the money, and the claim changed owners without further circumlocution or beating about the bush.

Reader, the purchaser was the Rt. Rev. PHILANDER CHASE, Bishop of the diocese of Illinois, and such was his entrance into our country. The next day the logs were hauled from "the point," and placed alongside the cabin first spoken of, a team was despatched to Peoria for a load of boards, a floor was laid on the same day, and on the day following Bishop C. was fixed in his new habitation.

Had we time, we might here descant upon the varied scenes which have marked the life of this venerable prelate so far as we have incidentally learnt from others and from himself, and show throughout them all the same humble reliance upon Divine Providence, and consequently the same habitual cheerfulness of mind and buoyancy

of spirits, whether treading upon the carpets of the nobility of England, or sleeping on his straw bed, in his rude log cabin—whether preaching to assembled thousands in St. Paul's Church in London, or conducting the same religious service before half a dozen hearers on the banks of the Kickapoo, on the frontier of our country. But we must pass on.

Bishop Chase, after leaving Kenyon College, Ohio, never for a moment abandoned the design of establishing another of similar character in the far west. This led him to our country; and, having thus secured a home for his family, he began to look around him, with the view of obtaining more lands which should inure to the benefit of the contemplated institution. The township in which he had located, as the reader who knows any thing about "claims" is already advised, with one or two adjoining, was not yet in market, and it was an object to secure as much of these as his means would permit. From the settlers around he purchased claims, so that when the land was brought into market two years afterwards (in the fall of 1838,) he was able to purchase, if we remember correctly, about 2,000 acres at government price, \$1 25 per acre.

His chief object accomplished, the indefatigable pioneer, as soon as the season permitted, the ensuing spring, commenced his building operations, and laid the foundation of the chapel of Jubilee College. This was nearly completed the same year; when, failing to sell the real estate in Michigan, from which source he had expected to realize funds with which to proceed, his means were exhausted, and in November he set out on a journey to the south, to present his enterprise to the liberality of the Christian public. He returned during the last month, and the chapel having been entirely finished, an early day was appointed for its consecration.

Here again we ought to break our narrative and note the change which four years have wrought in that part of our country. We ought to describe the residence of the bishop—the two original log houses now neatly plastered inside and out, with the frame additions at each end—all neatly enclosed with palings; the buildings on Jubilee hill—the beautiful mud cottage of Mr. Radley—the store and boarding houses, both two story frames—and the stone chapel, dimly seen through the towering oaks which shade it—the hill itself commanding one of the most extensive views in the country. But all this we must reserve for another occasion.

The consecration of the chapel took place on Sunday, the 8th inst. The morning was cloudy, with a cold westerly wind, but about 10 o'clock the clouds disappeared, and the day became one of the most charming of an American autumn. We reached the chapel, fifteen miles from Peoria, just as the deep tones of the bell gave notice that service was about to commence. On entering the building, we were reminded of the splendid Episcopal churches of our Eastern cities, save that here the pews are all free, and that prayer books were distributed on the seats, so that every attendant might be supplied. Presently the venerable bishop entered, accompanied by the Rev. Samuel Chase, (his nephew,) commencing the service as they advanced. We never saw a more attentive congregation. Every person rose, and each having a book, all made the proper responses. The ceremony of consecration occupied about an hour and a half; then followed a discourse by the bishop of an hour's length, and the remaining services occupied another hour.

It is needless to say, that every thing was conducted with the utmost solemnity, and that each heart capable of appreciating the blessings of religious instruction felt grateful to that kind Providence who had thus brought it to their doors.

It will doubtless gratify public curiosity to know that Bishop Chase, during his year's absence, succeeded in raising funds sufficient to enable him to go on with the college buildings, and that they will be commenced as early in the ensuing spring as the weather will permit.

Literary.

THOUGHTS IN PAST YEARS. By the author of the Cathedral. New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1841.

This volume contains both piety and poetry. Listen to the author's description of the

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

"Neath yon straw cot below the sheltering wood,
Where the slant sun-beam sleeps so placidly,
Is one whose tongue and ear nature doth tie,
With her to walk in sweetest solitude;
And oft a finger, in his pensive mood,
Is on the chord of his soul's harmony,
Waking meek thankfulness, when none are nigh,
Save spirits that are aye around the good.
To him nor sings the summer nightingale,
Nor thrush her wintry matin; but yon vale
Ne'er wakes to morn, nor sounds of evening cease,
But he with upturned eye, and thoughts that move
Lowliness inexpressive, and deep love,
Holds commune with bright hope, and spirits of peace.

Hear him too, as in no querulous mood he breathes forth his thoughts on death. He writes like one who communes much with his own spirit and fears not to find it a gloomy companion:

THOUGHTS OF DEATH.

The objects we have lov'd are quite gone by,
The infinite reality comes on;
Nothing remains but that which I have done;
Things in my being wrought internally,
And second nature, every dearest tie,
Loved faces, and loved scenes, youth's friendships, gone
Everlastingly; there remains but one
And he must be encountered presently,
And that is Death. This is the truth of things,
As he, who to his present spirit brings
The fathomless Hereafter, must confess.
I would not wind me in strain'd thoughtfulness
Too high, but ever thus the truth would see,
Most deeply, rightly, and most tranquilly.

We doubt not that he hath been a mourner in this tearful world, perchance tried, in bereavement, to find comfort where never comfort was for the heart-bruised: and afterward found that sorrow had been a severe but faithful schoolmaster in teaching him the source of consolation. Sweetly to our ear does he sing of it.

CONSOLATION.

But the faint soul must bear up its own weight,
And pitying love and kind officiousness
Cannot assuage, nor make the burden less,
Probing the unbarred spirit, that too late
Its overstrained pinion doth abate.
And from each gale, unstrung and motionless,
Catcheth a tone of deeper loneliness,
And desolation makes more desolate.
Then darkly gleams the mighty mystery,
That He who bore our sorrows, yea, that He
Alone, the soul can bear, the spirit fill,
Fleeing from the dark phantom of unrest
Into the arms of mercy calmly blest,
"Do with me what Thou wilt, I will lie still."

One more extract and then we hope our readers will go and buy the book.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

O worse than folly still to sigh,
And fill the ever-aching breast
With idols of this lower sky,
Forgetful of our place of rest;
The earnest given and promise sure,
The strength thro' weakness pledg'd secure;
And leave that better hope so fair,
To be but like a passing ray,
Which, by some weary traveller's way,
Plays on a gleaming sepulchre.

O blessed Lord! the thought of Thee,
When clouds our fairer visions mar;
When we are not where we would be,
A dear friend, and a set afar;

The thought that 'tis Thy ruling will—
The thought that Thou art with us still,
Nearer than ear or eye can know,
Act with us still in life or death,
In blooming life or failing breath—
'Tis all of Heav'n we need below.

The gleams which come on Autumn's wood
The Moon that from her silver boat
Looks out at noon in solitude—
Wing'd flocks in evening sky that float—
The Sun that springs from dying Night,
And shoots her thro' with shafts of light
Into her breast again to fall—
Soon shall we bid you all adieu,
Snaps ever fading, ever new,
Which people Nature's earthly ball.

The winning guileless fantasies
Of little children round our feet;
The thoughts of age by suffering wise,
Listening to sounds by distance sweet;—
And things divine that hidden lie
In silver shrines of poetry;
Glad meetings after tearful woes,
Like dews of night with rays of morn,
And all the joys of suffering born,
To you in cloud my eyelids close,

To open on another scene
It is the dread reality
To which all sights that ye have seen,
The earth and sea, the stars and sky,
Are but a shadowy land of sleep,
Where day and night their sentry keep
Around that great eternal seat.
From out this mighty womb of things,
Tried and found meet, by heavenly springs
May we awake at Jesus' feet!

CHRISTIAN BALLADS. New-York: Wiley & Putnam: 1840.

With many of the pieces in this little volume, the public is already familiar, as they have appeared from time to time in the columns of the "Churchman." We think they were well worth collecting in the present form, for some of them are very beautiful. The author has within him the elements of a true poet; his feelings are essentially poetical. He has not, however, done half that he may do, if he pleases to cultivate his talents. There is a richness of generous enthusiasm about him whenever he touches a subject linked by holy associations with the truths or the ceremonials of Christianity. He enjoys what may be termed the romance of his subject. Thus, if he hears a church bell, the chimes that ring our, as they have rung for centuries, from the old grey towers of England's churches, are at once present to his imagination, and with them come hundreds of delightful associations conjured up by fancy, known to him not in reality, but all true to nature. He makes himself one in feeling with those who lived ages ago within sound of those old bells. The truth is, he feels with a poet's intensity.

We hope the author will not neglect to cultivate his powers and make himself what he may be, a sweet Christian poet: and if we might be permitted to make a suggestion, it should be as to metre. Not that we find fault with what is before us, for it is often the most appropriate, and harmonizes well with the not unfrequent simplicity of expression that adds beauty to these fugitive pieces; but let other metres be tried. We catch here glimpses of the manner of Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Keble: not that imitation was intended, but that the author had really caught the manner of these writers undesignedly. We would therefore be glad to see him trying something so different from their mode: that imitation, even unintentional, would be impossible.

CONSTANCE, OR THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. A Tale of our Times. 1841.

The design of this little book is very good, and the execution is quite equal to the design. It is intended to exhibit, in all its loveliness, the beautiful consistency of character belonging to a high-minded and intelligent Christian woman. The style is what we could wish it to be in such a book.

and there are some exquisite touches of truth and nature, such as awaken the best feelings of the heart. Our friend (for such is the author) has done good service by adding this to the list of books fit to be presented to our daughters with their Christmas gifts, and we cordially thank him for his contribution.

THE PROTESTANT ANNUAL, 1841: London.

THE only professedly religious Annual of this year is before us. Engravings and letter-press as good as usual; binding to correspond. Now as to contents. The spirit that prompted the preparation of the work is one with which we find no fault, for it is a hearty and fearless spirit of opposition to the corruptions of the Church of Rome. As to the discretion manifested in the execution of the work we cannot speak with full commendation, for it contains articles that we, at least, should not have inserted. There is yet, however, much that is good. Among the names of contributors, we find some already well known; Dr. Chalmers, Bickersteth, Hugh McNeil, Robert Montgomery, &c., and others, of which we are free to say, we never heard before.

The first article is by Mr. Bickersteth, and presents his interpretation of some of the prophetic parts of the Bible, from which he infers that Christians are on the eve of being once more called to suffer bodily for their faith.

A tale of the Covenanters, prepared by the Rev. Mr. Cumming, (whom we take to be of the Established Kirk of Scotland,) next follows, in which Graham of Claverhouse is represented as a bloody and cruel villain; and the author of "Old Mortality," it is said, is guilty of "blasphemous libels."

The next article on "Indifference" contains a great deal to which we heartily say, Amen. It exposes the crafty wiles of some of the Romish priests, and points out the true and dangerous character of Professor Ranké's History of the Popes. By the way, we learn from the article that the Jesuits of Paris have translated the work (making in it a few slight alterations) for the use of their pupils in France and Belgium. The author of the article thinks that the spirit of indifference to the broad lines of distinction between Protestants and Roman Catholics is on the increase, and mentions that he has "heard of Oxford students, even this very year, seriously proposing their college vacation to be spent in France, to attend the daily service of the Roman Catholic Church."

Next in order is an article by Dr. Chalmers on "Legal and Evangelical Obedience." Another exposition of prophecy is furnished on the question: "Is the last enemy of the Church a professed infidel?" in the solution of which the author reaches the conclusion that the last enemy will be found in some professing to be the Church of Christ.

Next, we have a picture of the Church of Rome as exhibited in Portugal, furnished by one who professes to have served as a British officer in the Peninsula some thirty years ago.

We have not space further to particularize; what we have written will afford to the reader materials for ascertaining the general character of the book. We will mention, however, that the contribution of the Rev. Mr. McNeil is designed to establish the position that the truth is necessarily protestant; that is, it must protest against error. This is a good article.

There is a due intermingling of poetry with the other contributions; and the last article, "Luther:

a Fragment," of some forty pages, from the pen of Robert Montgomery, contains some fine passages. We have long thought that Luther furnished a good subject for a dramatic poem, and could heartily wish to see it well expanded under the hand of some master of the "gift and faculty divine," who should be a Christian indeed. The Annual is among those imported by the house of APPLETON in New York.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING PRAYER, and the Frequenting Daily Public Prayers. By Symon Patrick, D. D., sometime Lord Bishop of Ely. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1841.

THE HEART'S EASE, or a Remedy Against All Troubles: with a Consolatory Discourse, &c. By Symon Patrick, D. D. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1841.

It is a favorable symptom of the times when such books as are named above are printed in our country, and beautifully printed too. The publishers of these volumes are therefore entitled, in this age of literary trash smeared on pages of "whity brown" paper, to double commendation.

We are happy to find that they were bold enough to venture on the experiment of presenting to the public good old English books in a suitable garb: and happier still to learn that the public duly appreciates these efforts to cater to its enjoyment.

Symon Patrick (so says Bishop Burnet, in his history of his times) is to be ranked among those many worthy and eminent clergymen in the English nation, who deserved a high character; and were indeed an honor to the Church, and to the age in which they lived. He was born in Lincolnshire and educated at Cambridge. On a previous page of our paper in a brief sketch of Hall, Bishop of Norwich, we have stated that, ejected from his bishopric, he retired to Higham, a small estate near Norwich. Here he ordained Symon Patrick; and well may it be doubted whether he ever laid hands on one wiser or more worthy.

The current of his life, however, was not permitted to flow in unruffled smoothness. He lost his fellowship at Cambridge, because a majority of the fellows deemed him worthy of election as master of Queens, in opposition to a royal mandamus naming another and less deserving person. Hence he took his degrees in divinity at Oxford.

Bishop Patrick was thoroughly a Church of England man. One of his publications (though exceedingly courteous and Christian-like) drew upon him the ire of the dissenters. This was "a friendly debate between a conformist and non-conformist." They attempted an answer and succeeded very well in the easy task of perpetrating abuse.

But our author was as ready to stand forth the champion of the Church against Roman Catholics, as he was to expose dissent. During the reign of James II. he was one of the chaplains to the royal household. The king was extremely desirous of converting the Earl of Rochester to the Church of Rome, and therefore caused a conference to be held between two Romish Priests and two of his chaplains, Dr. Jane and our author. It only confirmed Rochester in his Protestant principles; and Bishop Kennet (who relates the story) adds, that as his majesty retired in a most abrupt manner, he was heard to say, "he never saw a bad cause so well, nor a good one so ill maintained."

The king, after this, endeavored to gain Patrick to his purposes; he sent for him, treated him kindly, and persuaded him to abate somewhat of his zeal as a Protestant. The chaplain replied that he "could not give up a religion so well proved as that of the Protestants." After this he openly opposed

reading the king's declaration for liberty of conscience; and as a school for making converts to Romanism had been opened at the Savoy, he, in conjunction with Dr. (afterward Archbishop) Tension, established one in opposition at St. Martin's.

At the Revolution in 1688, he was of great use in settling the affairs of the Church, and was one of the Commissioners for the review of the Liturgy. He was afterward made Bishop of Chichester, and subsequently translated to Ely, in which see he died in the 81st year of his age. Bishop Patrick was one of the most learned men as well as best writers of his time. He published various works, some devotional, some sermons, and several able tracts against the Church of Rome. His most labored production, however, consists of his paraphrases and commentaries on the Holy Scriptures. These are very good.

Of the two small books named at the head of this notice, while we can, without reserve, commend both, we confess that we like best the discourse concerning prayer. No man, however, who reads either in a becoming spirit, will fail to find himself richly repaid for his labor.

THE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS: Descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of The Christmas Season. By Thomas K. Hervey: with illustrations, by R. Seymour. London: 1837.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 21.]

Look in for a moment upon the "love-lit winter home" the family congratulation. The "feelings of the season" awaken our sympathy, while the description of nature, arrayed in frosty feathers, warms our admiration. Let Hervey tell us of,

'The white mantle which the earth occasionally puts on, with the rapidity of a spell, covering, in the course of a night, and while we have slept, the familiar forms with a sort of strangeness, that makes us feel as if we had awakened in some new and enchanted land—the fantastic forms assumed by drifting snow—the wild and fanciful sketching of old winter upon the 'frosty pane'—the icicles that depend, like stalactites, from every projection, and sparkle like jewels of the most brilliant water—and, above all, the feathery investiture of the trees, above alluded to, by which their minute tracery is brought out with a richness, shaming the carving of the finest chisel, are among the features which exhibit the inexhaustible fertility of nature, in the production of striking and beautiful effects. Hear how one of our best poetesses, Mary Howitt, sings of these graces.

'One silent night hath past,—and lo!
How beautiful the earth is now!
All aspect of decay is gone,
The hills have put their verdure on,
And clothed is the forest bough.

Say not 'tis an unlovely time!
Turn to the wide, white waste thy view;
Turn to the silent hills that rise,
In their cold beauty to the skies;
And to those skies intensely blue.

Walk now among the forest trees,
Saidst thou that they were stripped and bare?
Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers—
The crown which winter regally doth wear.

'Tis well—thy summer garden ne'er
Was lovelier, with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
Wreathing around the shadowy bowers!

'While,' continues Hervey, 'on the subject of the natural beauties of this season, we must introduce our readers to some admirable verses, which have been furnished to us by our friend Mr. Stoddard, the author of that fine poem the 'Death-Wake,'—and in which its peculiar aspects are described with a very graphic pen.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

'The dew-lark sitteth on the ice, beside the reedless rill;
The leaf of the hawthorn flutters on the solitary hill;
The wild lake weareth on its heart a cold and changed
look,

And meets, at the lips of its moon-lit marge, the spiritual brook.

Idly basks the silver swan, near to the isle of trees,
And to its proud breast come and kiss the willow and the breeze;

They wash the eider, as they play about the bird of grace,
And boom, in the same slow mood, away, to the moveless mountain-base.

The chieftain-deer, amid the pines, his antlered forehead shows,
And scarcely are the mosses bent where that stately one arose,
His step is as the pressure of a light, beloved hand,
And he looketh like a poet's dream, in some enchanted land!

A voice of Winter, on the last wild gust of Autumn borne,
Is hurried from the hills afar, like the windings of a horn;
And solemnly and heavily the silver birches groan,
And the old ash waves his wizard hand, to the dim, mysterious tone.

And noiselessly, across the heaven, a grey and vapoury shred
Is wandering, fed by phantom clouds that, one by one, are led
Out of the wide north, where they grow within the aged sea,
And in their coils the yellow moon is laboring lazily!

She throws them from her mystic urn, as they were beckoned back
By some enchantress, working out her spells upon their track;
Or gathers up their fleecy folds, and shapes them, as they go,
To hang around her beautiful form a tracery of snow.

Lo! Winter cometh!—and his hoar is heavy on the hill,
And curiously the frost-work forms below the rimy rill;
The birth of morn is a gift of pearl to the heath and willow-tree,
And the green rush hangs o'er its water-bed, shining and silvery.

From the calm of the lake, a vapour steals its restless wreath away,
And leaves not a crisp on the quiet tarn, but the wake of the swan at play;
The deer holds up the glistening heath, where his hoof is lightly heard,
And the dew-lark circlet to his song,—sun-lost and lonely bird!

Oh! how unfitted do such impressions leave the mind for aught but quiet, pensive contemplation; yet, to bid our readers farewell here would be unkind, since we have seen beyond, in this most tasteful work, food for the heart, from which it must not be withheld. Let us turn the leaves of our book slowly, that when our eyes meet Seymour's happy illustration of the "Coming home from School," we may be ready to sympathize, though but imperfectly, with those merry children, whose joy we feel is flying, alas! with time. For the coming of "Old Father Christmas," and all the various preparations making for his reception, we refer our readers to his book, while, because we love to meet our friends, we will accompany these gleeful children of whom Hervey exclaims:

'But of all the wayfarers who are journeying toward the haunts of Christmas, who so happy as the emancipated school-boy!—and of all the vehicles that are carrying contributions of mirth to that general festival, what vehicle is so richly stored therewith as the post-chaise that holds a group of these young travellers! The glad day which has been the subject of speculation, so long before, (and has been preceded by days which, in their imaginary kalendar are, beyond any question, the very longest days of all the year,) has at length arrived—after seeming as if it never would arrive; and the long restrained and hourly increasing tide of expectation has at length burst its barriers, and is rushing forward, with no little noise, into the sea of fruition. 'Eja! quid silenus?' says the well-known breaking-up song of the Westminster boys; and the sentiment therein expressed is wide awake, (as every thing must be, on this morning, that lies within any reasonable distance of their voices) in the breast of every school-boy at all schools.

'Away go the light-hearted boys!—away past the aged and the poor, (as happiness has long since done!) awaking the shrill echoes of the road, and all its adjacent fields with the sound of their revelry! Every school-boy knows the programme. Flags flying—horns blowing—racing against rival chaises—taunts from the foremost—cheers from the hindmost—all sorts of practical jokes upon each other, and upon all they meet and all they pass—and above all, the loud ringing laugh of boyhood, so unlike all other laughter—that comes out clear and distinct—

direct from the heart — stopping nowhere on its way — not pausing to be questioned by the judgment, nor restrained by the memory — presenting no hollowness nor flatness to the nicest attention — betraying no under-tone to the finest ear — giving true and unbroken 'echoes to the seat where mirth is throned' — born spontaneously of that spirit, and excited so often by causes too minute for older eyes to see. And it is in this very causelessness that consists the spell of childhood's laughter, and the secret of youth's unmingled joy. We seldom begin to seek reasons for being gay, till we have had some for being grave, — and the search after the former is very apt to bring us upon more of the latter. There are tares among the wheat. The moment we commence to distrust our light-heartedness, it begins to evade us. From the day when we think it necessary to reason upon our enjoyments, to philosophise upon our mirth, to analyze our gladness, their free unmingled character is gone. The toy is taken to pieces, to see of what it was composed, and can no more be put together in the same perfect form. They who have entered upon the paths of knowledge, or gone far into the recesses of experience, — like the men of yore, who ventured to explore the cave of Trophonius, — may, perhaps, find something higher and better than the light-heartedness they lose; but they smile never more as they smiled of old. The fine clear instrument of the spirit, that we bring with us from heaven, is liable to injury from all that acts upon it here; and the string that has once been broken, or disordered, repair it as we may, never, again, gives out the precise tone which it did before. The old man, — nay, even the young man, — let him be as merry as he may, and laugh as long and loudly as he will — never laughs as the school-boy laughs.

Strongly tempted, as we are, to transcribe the next paragraph, we forbear, as, with the same regret, we pass over many of the succeeding pages, hoping our readers will seek in them the enjoyment they are prepared to furnish. We need not point out to them the Norfolk coach, with its croaking passengers, doomed ne'er to croak again, driven, silenced as they are, by one of their own flock, though muffled in a great coat, and crowned with a hat! let us pass on and on by rosemary, baies, and holly, to the following paragraph, which was to us most touching:

"But the mistletoe! — the mystic mistletoe! Where is the man whose school-boy days are gone by, in whom that word conjures up no merry memories! 'Oh! the mistletoe bough!' Who hath not, at the name, thronging visions of sweet faces, that looked sweetest in those moments of startled beauty, beneath the pendent bough! If the old spells with which superstition has invested the mistletoe have lost their power over me, it hath now, another, which in earlier days I knew not of — the power to restore the distant and to raise the dead. I am to laugh no more, as I have laughed of old, beneath the influence of this mystic cognizance of the gay Christmas tide: but even now, as I write thereof, look in upon my heart, bright portraits, traced with a skill which no mortal pencil shall achieve — faces on which the earth has long lain, and others from whom the wide spaces of the world have separated me, for many a weary year — and heavier far! some to whom unkindness hath made me, too long, a stranger. There they rise, and stand, one by one, beneath the merry snare, each with the heightened beauty on her cheek, which is the transient gift of the sacred bough!

"The bright and the beautiful lie still about, still bright and beautiful even to me — but in another manner than when thou wert here! All things are tinged with thy loss. All fair things have a look, and all sweet sounds a tone of mourning since thou leftest me. How long it seems! As if ages, instead of years, of the grave had grown between us! As if, indeed, I had known thee in some former, and some far removed, state of being! I do not love to think of thee as dead — I strive to think of thee, rather as of one whom I have left behind, in the quiet valley of our youth and our love — from whom I have wandered forth, and lost my way amid the mazes of the world. But, where is the clue that should lead me back to thee? There may have been fairer, (sweeter never) things than thou in this world; but my heart could never be made to believe or understand it. Had I known thee only in that world, I might not so have marked thy beauty: but thou wert with me, when the world left me. In the flood of the sunshine, when a thousand birds are about us, we go upon our way, with a sense that there is melody around — but, singling, per-

haps, no one note, to take home to the heart and make a worship of. But the one bird that sings to us in the dim and silent night — oh! none but they on whom the night has fallen, can know how dear its song becomes; filling with its music all the deserted mansions of the lonely soul! But the bird is dead — the song is hushed — and the houses of my spirit are empty, silent, and desolate!

Look at the merry group crowding the door over which hangs "the misletoe bough" — witness the exaction of that penalty which she must pay who is caught passing under it, and then let our author speak again.

"Another of the symptoms of the approaching season which has, at least to us, a very pleasing effect, consists in the bursts of solemn minstrelsy by which we are aroused from our slumbers, in the still hour of the winter nights: or which, failing to break our sleep, mingle with our dreams, leading us into scenes of enchantment, and filling them with unearthly music. This midnight minstrelsy, whether it comes in the shape of human voices, hallowing the night by the chanting of the Christmas carol, or breaks upon the silence of the mid-watches, from the mingling instruments of those wandering spirits of harmony, the waits — has in each case its origin in the *gloria in excelsis*, the song with which the angels hailed the birth of the Redeemer, in the fields near Bethlehem. 'As soon,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'as these blessed choristers had sung their Christmas carol and taught their church a hymn, to put into her offices for ever, on the anniversary of this festivity, the angels returned into heaven.' Accordingly these nocturnal hymns, although they spread over the entire period of Advent, grow more and more fervent and frequent as the season approaches; and the night which ushers in the great day itself, is filled, throughout all its watches, with the continued sounds of sacred harmony. How beautiful is the effect given to this music, by this consideration of its meaning and its cause!"

See the rude musicians in all their varieties — the 'waits' whose dull notes are listened to from attic windows, while on the snowy ground, a female dances to them; or is she capering to the merry glees of her own heart? And hear the "Country Carol Singers," hooded, hatted, and cloaked, as they stand 'at the parsonage door in our plate, singing' some such beautiful anthem as that beginning, 'Hark! the herald angels sing.' Then if you can be deafened by imaginary sounds, turn to that hopeful family of 'London Carol Singers,' and hear the howling of the little boy, combined with the nasal twang of the mother, the crying of that poor baby, and the accompaniment of the old man's violin; or if a change be desirable, the vignette at the close of the chapter, has bell-ringing prepared for you. Glance at The Lord of Misrule, the Christmas Presents; and listen to the boisterous merriment which ushers in St. Thomas' Day, the 21st Dec. This says Hervey, 'we have chosen as the opening of the Christmas festivities; because it is that on which we first seem to get positive evidence of the presence of the old gentleman, and see the spirit of hospitality and benevolence which his coming creates, brought into active operation.' For all its sports and festivals, we again refer our readers to the 'Book of Christmas' in its full enjoyment, while for ourselves, and those who feel as we do, it is pleasanter to seek the author in his quiet haunts, indulging in those pensive reflections on the past, in which our hearts most deeply sympathize. After alluding to the bards of ancient days, and the harpers of the olden time, Hervey proceeds:

'And the tale and the song are amongst the spirits that wait on Christmas still, and charm the long winter evenings with their yet undiminished spells: Many a Christmas evening has flown over our heads on the wings of music sweeter, far sweeter — dearer, a thousand times dearer, than ever was played by wandering minstrel or uttered by stipendiary bard; and we have formed a portion of happy groups, when some thrilling story has sent a chain of sympathetic feeling through hearts that shall

beat in unison no more — and tales of the grave and its tenants have sent a paleness into cheeks, that the grave itself hath since made paler still."

See the picture which precedes page 227. Then let us turn to this.

'It was a beautiful custom of the Jews,' says Hervey, 'which led them, when they built houses to leave ever some part unfinished, a memento of the ruin and desolation of their city. Not that they, therefore, built the less, or the less cheerfully; but that, in the very midst of their amplest accommodations, they preserved a perpetual and salutary reference to the evil of their condition, a useful check upon worldly thoughts. And thus should mirth be welcomed, and hopes built up, wherever the materials present themselves; but a mark should notwithstanding, be placed upon the brightest of them all, remembrances ever let in, which may recall to us the imperfect condition of our natures here, and speak of the certain decay which must attend all hopes erected for mere earthly dwellings.

And here our author introduces a touch of feeling so true and beautiful, though it be but the overflowing of sensibility in his own bosom, a personal picture, a lament over buried joys, one of those incidents, 'beside which,' (to use his own illustration,) 'in the kalendar of the heart is written many a private note not to be read without bitter tears;' that we shall make no apology for quoting it.

'But thou shouldst speak of this — thou for whom the following lines were written long ago, though they have not yet, met thine eye — thou who hast learnt this lesson more sternly even than I, and speakest so well of all things! Many a 'winter's tale' have we two read together, (Shakspeare's among the rest — and how often!) and many a written lay has linked our thoughts in sympathy of sentiment, on many an evening of Christmas. It may be that on some night of that which is approaching, these lines may meet thy notice, and through them, *one more* winter's eve may yet be spent by thee and me, in a communion of thought and feeling. No fear that joy should carry it all, with us! No danger that the ghosts of the past should fail to mingle with our Christmas feelings, in that hour! There can be no future hope built up for thee or me, or for most others who have passed the first season of youth, to which something shall not be wanting: which shall not, like the houses of the Jews, be left imperfect in some part; and for the same reason, even for the memories of the ruined past!

Farewell! I do not bid thee weep:
The hoarded love of many years,
The visions hearts like thine must keep,
May not be told by tears!
No! tears are but the spirit's showers,
To wash its lighter clouds away,
In breasts where sun-bows like the flowers,
Are born for rain and ray;
But gone from thine is all the glow
That helped to form life's promise-bow!

Farewell! I know that never more
Thy spirit, like the bird of day,
Upon its own sweet song shall soar
Along a sunny way!
The hour that wakes the waterfall
To music, in its far-off flight,
And hears the silver fountains call,
Like angels through the night,
Shall bring thee songs whose tones are sighs;
From harps whose chords are memories!

Night! when like perfumes that have slept
All day, within the wild-flower's heart,
Steal out the thoughts the soul has kept
In silence and apart;
And voices we have pined to hear,
Through many a long and lonely day,
Come back upon the dreaming ear,
From grave-lands, far away;
And gleams look forth, of spirit eyes,
Like stars along the darkened skies!

When fancy and the lark are still —
Those riders of the morning gale!
And walks the moon o'er vale and hill,
With memory and the nightingale;
The moon that is the daylight's ghost,
(As memory is the ghost of hope),
And holds a lamp to all things lost
Beneath night's solemn cope,
Pale as the light by memory led
Along the cities of the dead!

'Alas for thee! Alas for thine.
Thy youth that is no longer young;
Whose heart, like Delphi's ruined shrine,
Gives oracles, oh! still divine!
But never more in song!

Whose breast, like Echo's haunted hall
Is filled with murmurs of the past,
Ere yet its 'gold was dim,' and all
Its 'pleasant things' laid waste!
From whose sweet windows never more
Shall look the sunny soul of yore!

Farewell! I do not bid thee weep,
The smile and tear are past for thee;
The river of thy thoughts must keep
Its solemn course, too still and deep
For idle eyes to see!
Oh! earthly things are all too far
To throw their shadows o'er its stream!
But now and then, a silver star,
And now and then a gleam
Of glory from the skies be given,
To light its waves with dreams of heaven!

For those of our readers, who have kindly accompanied us thus far, we turn with a melancholy smile to more cheerful passages. Opening at page 237, there appear some reminiscences of the boyhood happiness of one, whose after years form with it but a melancholy contrast; and as we turn leaf after leaf, our eye rests on names and historical periods from which the highest moral may be drawn. Turn but a leaf, Louis XIV. and poor Grimaldi are present to the mind; each distinguished in their different theatres, and each drew tears, but from as different fountains. The brilliant monarch and the favorite jester now occupy a space of equal limit. Let history open her pages, and who would now deem the monarch's fate the happiest? As we proceed with our book, we are pleased to find that old amusements are still enjoyed, at their appropriate seasons, in various parts of England; forming, as we view them, silken ties between the past and present. Shall we extract what Brand tells us? That "the Yule log and the Christmas candle he considers to be but the same observance—and that the former is but a substitute for the latter."

"Christmas was formerly called the 'Feast of Lights'—and numbers of lights were displayed on the occasion. The lights and the title were both typical of the religious light dawning upon the world at that sacred period; of the advent, in fact, of the 'Light of lights,' and the conquest over moral darkness. Hence, it is thought the domestic ceremony of the Christmas candle, and that the Yule block was but another form of the same—the poor man's candle."

See on Christmas morning the first object that greets our eye, is the occupation of that important personage, the cook. That comfortable English kitchen strikes our domestic fancy, with its clock; and convenient hydrant, and see the cat raising her back, as if yawning a sleepy Christmas salutation to the mistress, who no doubt shares her comforts with her. Then, for a moment, pause at the close of the 281st page, that you may be prepared, by grateful remembrance of the Giver, to partake of the good cheer approaching those assembled at the banquet, and before we look in upon the dinner party to our right, read what Ritson says about the wild boar and the college student, giving his savage visitor more than a mere taste of Aristotle! Now for the "Christmas Dinner" which Seymour has prepared for us. The lady of the feast cutting the well cooked plumb-pudding, what mistress but sympathises in the complaisance of those feelings of success in object so momentous! We may not perhaps be right in listening to the old beau, pausing glass in hand, while he repeats an oft-told tale of love to the old belle, who lends to him her deaf ear, though no doubt her best, to catch it. Then mark the matron, who is taking her baby from its nurse; and that *must* be the father looking at them both, as all other eyes are feasting elsewhere. We have left much unsaid; but Seymour has portrayed it all: look at his picture! Now

comes St. Stephen's Day with its observances, and next, see New Year's Eve; and here we sigh, as who can help it! when, as Hervey says,

'On this particular day, no man fails to remember that

'Again the silent wheels of time,
Their annual round have driven.'

'And how solemn are the reflections which suggest themselves to him who casts his eye over the space of a year, in a spirit which can look beyond his own personal share in its doings, and embrace the wide human interests that such a retrospect includes!' 'What a mighty sum of events,' says that excellent writer, William Howitt, 'has been consummated! What a tide of passions and affections has flowed! What lives and deaths have alternately arrived! What destinies have been fixed for ever! . . . Once more, our planet has completed one of those journeys in the heavens which perfect all the fruitful changes of its peopled surface, and mete out the few stages of our existence; and every day, every hour, of that progress has, in all her wide lands, in all her million hearts, traces that eternity shall behold.' Oh! blessed they and rich, (beyond all other blessedness and all other wealth which "Time's effacing fingers" may have left them,) who, on the last night of the year, can turn from views like these to sleep upon the pillow of a good conscience, though that pillow should be moistened, aye, steeped in their tears!"

We leave to those who feel disposed, to dwell upon it, Seymour's "Seeing in the New Year," pleasing to some, perhaps, though not so to us, who feel with Hervey that "The glasses are full—but so is the heart—and the eye is strained upon the finger of the dial, whose notes are to sound the arrival, as if held there by a spell. We do not think that any man of all that group whom our artist has represented, could turn his face away from the dial, even by an effort; and he who could, would be out of place in any assembly of which we made one, unless we were out of place ourselves."

Then comes the chapter on "New Year"—all unknown to us this period—its acquaintance is yet to be formed—nothing now ascertained, in common with the past, save the heart's affections, linked closely to its friends, who are brought over to it, in settling our account with time. We shrink from its dawning, whilst we linger with the twilight, bidding farewell to the past, which now is gone! Let us hope so to use the present that its progress may carry our advancement with it, in all that is pure and holy.

Dear reader, the concluding pages and their pictures, we leave for you to turn, promising enjoyment to their close. If we have succeeded in making you, however partially, acquainted with a companion useful and pleasing to you, as to ourselves, we have our reward; and if, following the example of this excellent and feeling writer, similar works on various and useful subjects, are presented to the public in the attractive form of Remembrances and Christmas Gifts, for the young and gay, our object is attained; since the promotion of their intellectual enjoyment has been our motive.

Let our parting words be borrowed from our Christmas Book, for it is useful to reflect "How truly we may be said to live but in the past and in the future, to have our hearts made up of memory and of hope—for which the present becomes hour after hour more and more of a void; and alas! is it not true as a consequence, that the more they are occupied with memory, the less room have they for hope? and thus the one is ever gaining upon the other; and the dark waters of memory are hourly gaining upon that shore, where hope had room to build her edifices and play about them:—till at length they cover all,—and hope having 'no rest for the sole of her foot,' flies forward to a higher and a better shore."

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New York, November 2, 1840.

114.

The Church Record.

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